

a wide grasp of principles, of a rigid and austere tone of morality, but wonderfully free from the spirit and range of thought which are usually looked for in the productions of the pulpit. The primary truths of religion, in the opinion of Mr. Mann, are of an intuitive character, it being demonstrable that there is as high a kind of evidence to our spirits of what we call the Spiritual World, as there is to our bodily senses of what we call the Material World. Not that he rejects, or calls in question, the fact of revelation; on the contrary, he falls back on the Bible as the highest, most complete, and most authoritative source of instruction on the great religious ideas, which he contemplates chiefly in their practical and human relations. The manner in which he presents these ideas is for the most part highly original; they make a new impression on being seen in a new aspect; indeed, the illustrations with which he surrounds them are often startling for their novelty; but his eloquence, even in its most brilliant flights, always preserves the tone of intense earnestness; and the contagion of his own sincerity, uttered in language of such glowing enthusiasm, almost inevitably spreads to the heart of the reader, and wins his sympathy, even if it does not command his conviction.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY AND RECORD OF THE PRESS.

In addition to a list of the newspapers and other periodical publications in the United States and the British Provinces, this volume contains several interesting notices of the origin and progress of newspapers in general, a sketch of the history of journalism in this country, and a brief account of the development of the art of printing. The career of *The London Times*, which is pretty fully described, presents a curious instance of gradual progress and final success. The *Times* was started nearly three quarters of a century since, in 1788, but not until the year 1815 did its circulation amount to 5,000 copies a day. In twenty years from 1815 to 1835 it had only increased to 10,000 copies, but in the course of ten years more it rose to nearly 25,000 copies. The present circulation varies from 60,000 to 70,000 copies, and the cost of the paper on which the journal is printed being equal to the price at which it is sold to the newsmen, the profits are derived entirely from advertisements. The account of American journalism appears for the most part to have been compiled with care, and from authentic sources, and cannot be too interesting to everybody who reads a newspaper, that is, to a very large portion of our adult population.

1. RIFLE AND LIGHT INFANTRY TACTICS. By Brett Lieut. Col. W. J. HARRIS, U.S.A. 2 vols. 12mo. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

2. CAVALRY TACTICS. Printed by order of the War Department. 3 vols. 12mo. The same.

3. MANUAL OF BATTALION EXERCISES. By GEORGE B. McCLANAHAN. 12mo. pp. 118. The same.

4. INSTRUCTION FOR FIELD ARTILLERY. Prepared by a Board of Artillery Officers. 8vo. pp. 361. The same.

The issue of a new edition of these standard works in the different branches of military science occur at a seasonable moment, and will doubtless be welcomed by the leaders of the numerous hosts that are now gathering for the battle-field. They contain the authorized system of tactics in the respective arms of the United States service, and present in a clear and intelligible manner the principles and methods of the various operations required of the soldier on duty. Although our brave and noble volunteers are about to take lessons in the art of war from more effective teachers than books, a copy of one of these convenient little manuals would be no inappropriate keepsake to the departing soldier.

CURRENTS AND COUNTER-CURRENTS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE, WITH OTHER ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS.

By OLIVER WATSON, M.D. 12mo. pp. 49. Ticknor & Fields.

In this volume, Dr. Holmes has reproduced his celebrated Address before the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1850, in which he directed the shafts of his wit and satire against the present condition of the profession in general, together with several other discourses and essays on topics related, more or less directly, to the theory and practice of medicine. A large space is devoted to a spirited criticism of "Homoeopathy and its Kindred Delusions," which Dr. Holmes considers, if possible, as still more destitute of foundation in sense or science than the regular old-fashioned treatment. The inference which the reader would be apt to draw, is to avoid the profession altogether, and "throw physic to the dogs." The essay on the "Mechanism of Vital Actions" contains several curious and striking physiological speculations, with a bold attempt to define the divine agency in the phenomena of living powers.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON PLAIN AND SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY.

By BENJAMIN PERCE, LL.D. Revised Edition. 8vo. pp. 350. Sheldon & Co.

Professor Perce's "Trigonometry" is better adapted to the use of the general student, by its freedom from abstract considerations, and its comparatively lucid expositions, than most of his profound writings on mathematical science. In the present edition, the portions comprising Plain and Spherical Trigonometry, Navigation, and Surveying, have been revised under the direction of the author, some sections have been completely rewritten, and some additional matter has been introduced, but in all essential respects the work remains unchanged.

NEPHALIA: OR, TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING LIQUORS IN MAN'S NORMAL STATE OF HEALTH.

By JOHN MANN, M.D. 12mo. pp. 200. Sheldon & Co.

The question of Total Abstinence, in its relation to the teachings of the Bible, is here discussed in a series of letters addressed to Mr. E. L. C. Delavan by a distinguished Scotch physician now residing in Canada. The author takes the ground that alcohol is a poison, and its use, accordingly, in the normal state of the human system, is equally forbidden by the laws of Nature and the laws of God. He treats the subject with great earnestness, and is both ingenious and able in collecting proof in support of his position.

THE LIFE OF HUGH LATTIMER.

By GEO. L. DRYDEN. 12mo. pp. 204. Episcopal Church Book Society.

A simple and attractive history of the noble English martyr is presented in this excellent little volume. The materials, of course, are derived from the personal notices incidentally furnished in Bishop Lattimer's sermons and correspondence, together with the ample narrative of Fox describing his examination and last sufferings. The compiler has performed his task with genuine affection for the subject, and produced not only a neat and compact biography, but one of truly pathetic interest.

THE PARLOR GARDENER.

Translated from the French, and adapted to American Use, by CORNELIA J. RANDOLPH. 12mo. pp. 128. J. E. Tilton & Co.

A neat and attractive little volume, containing full directions for the house cultivation of the most popular varieties of ornamental plants. It retains much of the vivacity of the French original, though tempered with the matter-of-fact, common-sense tone of practical utility, which is an indispensable requisite in a work of this kind for American circulation.

A COMPENDIUM OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

By GEORGE DEXTER CLEVELAND. 12mo. pp. 62. E. C. & J. Biddle & Co.

The series of popular handbooks of literature by the compiler of this volume is here brought to a close by a judicious selection from the ancient classics. The extracts are given in common English translations, and are accompanied with biographical and critical notices by the editor.

The first two volumes of the "household edition" of LOCKHART'S *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, are published by Ticknor & Fields, presenting the commencement of that fascinating biography in a style of simple elegance, uniform with their popular edition of Scott's "Novels." The volumes are illustrated by portraits of Scott at the age of six, of his father and of Lockhart, and are brought out in the well-known admirable typographical style of the Riverside press.

A new edition of "The World's Progress: A Dictionary of Dates," edited by Geo. L. Putnam, is issued by the compiler, with a supplementary portion, bringing down the information to the latest dates. The volume has been found to be a convenient and valuable

book of reference, and the additional matter now given greatly enhances its interest and utility.

LITERARY.

A certain H. Freke, M.D., has recently issued a curious volume, "On the Origin of Species by Means of Organic Affinity," in which he professes to have anticipated the startling views of Mr. Darwin on the question at issue. He felicitates himself that both Mr. Darwin and himself have been led, "each by his own peculiar views, to believe that all organic creation has originated from a single primordial germ; and further says: 'Mr. Darwin attained by analogy to what I had attempted to establish by induction; and it is of importance to science that naturalists should be aware that such is the case. For the fact of two independent inquirers, utterly unconscious of each other's existence, having reached, by a totally different order of inquiry, an identical, and, at the same time, an unlooked-for result—at least, upon my part altogether unlooked-for—such fact, I say, impresses that conclusion with such a stamp of probability as almost, in my mind, to withdraw it from the domain of hypothesis.' He states the conclusions to which he has arrived with much less reserve than his famous 'fellow-laborer,' and explicitly pronounces the opinion that all the countless myriads of millions of individual organisms, comprised under each distinct species of organic nature, have emanated from each distinct species from one solitary germ of that species." He moreover vouchsafes to inform us that all organic creation—including all vegetables and animals—may possibly have originated from a single compound embryonic germ. A granule of very limited dimensions was a granule of organic creation. This granule (or granules) are one parent of all since existing organic creations; its other parent being a mineral or organic world.

Another American publication, Dr. J. V. Huntington's *Phaenomenon of "Rosemary,"* does not fare so well at the hands of the London reviewer. He pronounces his verdict mildly, however, in the following paragraph: "Readers who want to find heroes and heroines of a novel placed in startling situations, or ought to be, satisfied with 'Rosemary'; for the heroine is introduced by being brought in her coffin to a dissecting-room, dressed in a sumptuous bridal dress of white satin and Brussels lace, with a set of pearls and ornaments of priceless value, in all of which she has been buried, having fallen down to all appearance dead on her wedding morning! Of course, as she has to be the heroine of the story, she is obliged to come to life, and to begin a fresh series of perils and adventures. A Dr. Minchin, a Quaker physician of great ability and extensive practice, is the civil genius of the book, and a wicked, relentless woman his assistant demon. But, what betwixt the narrative of events that took place before the book began, the confusing mysteries that take place while the tale is going on, the general mixing up of things and people in the latter portion, when wrong has to be made right, is confusing to any intellect, however expert in unraveling intricate plots. There are clandestine marriages to come to light, and disputed points of parentage and legitimacy cleared up; till, with what mysteries, people and perplexities supplemental, the reader is left at last heavy and displeased."

A new edition of the "Codex Alexandrinus," edited by B. H. Cowper, has been issued in London, comprising the text of Wadsworth's edition of 1759, put into modern characters, and supplied with accents, and a new subscript, and punctuation marks, the missing portions of the original manuscript being taken from Kuster's edition of 1811. The text, however, has been carefully compared with other collations, whose readings were tested by an examination of the original, and in this way many errors have been corrected. Mr. Cowper describes the injuries to which the manuscript has been subjected since it has been in the British Museum, partly from the inevitable effects of time, and partly from its improper treatment by persons who have been allowed to consult it. The latter is particularly the case with the controverted passage, 1 Tim. iii. 16, "God was manifest in the flesh," concerning which Mr. Cowper states that he is not only unable to pronounce confidently as to the true reading, but that it is impossible for any person, even with a microscope, to ascertain the original by inspection.

The first number of the "St. James's" starts with a good list of contributions. Beside the first number of the continued tale of Mrs. Hall's, she contributes a Tale for the Young, Robert Hunt writes "Maude and Margaret," Mrs. Clive, the author of "Paul Ferrol," contributes "The Irish All Souls' Night," the clever author of "John Halifax" gives the first part of the "Legend of St. Christopher," Dr. Doran has an article on "The Hills of London," while Owen Meredith, who has already appeared in the "Corinth" and "Temple Bar," gives a poem called "Hellas."

The "Athenaeum" has a not unfriendly notice of the American novel entitled "Struggle for Life," of which it says that "though, as a story, it is rather confused, and the incidents trivial, the spirit and design are good, and there is a discriminating good sense in the very philanthropic subjects are treated, which gives us a very kindly regard for the author. We recommend those who are endeavoring to rescue young children from homes of vice and misery to read it, for the sake of the wise and suggestive spirit in which it is written."

Mr. Petherick, the British Consul for the Sudan, who is now engaged in exploring the mysterious currents of the Nile, has published a series of sketches from sixteen years' travel, entitled "Egypt, the Sudan, and Central Africa." It contains an account of his explorations from Khartoum on the White Nile to the region of the Equator, and his narrative is said to be scarcely inferior in point of novelty to that of Mungo Park.

A new work, on the "Chase of the Wild Red Deer in the Counties of Devon and Somerset," by Charles Palk Collins, will be published shortly by Messrs. Longman, and is expected to supply a blank in the history of sport in England. Much information on the nature and habits of the deer will be found in the work, which is enlivened by many anecdotes connected with the chase.

Mr. Payne Collier has received another present from the United States, in the shape of a gold pen, to accompany the silver inkstand sent to him some time ago. It is the gift of an individual, C. W. Fredericks, of New-York. It is of California gold; while the handle is formed of a piece of oak from the last resting-place of Washington, at Mount Vernon.

The literary world will learn with surprise that the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton is about to appear once more in a public character; but this time under happier circumstances. Mr. Bentley will publish immediately a book written by this lady, but the nature of the work has not yet transpired.

The son of the late lady traveler, the celebrated Madame Ida Pfeiffer, is about to publish her autobiography and last journals. From the great popularity of this lady's writings this book will be looked for with considerable interest.

The fourth volume of Mr. Greenwood's "History of the Papacy, or Cathedra Petri," is in the press, and will shortly be published.

ART ITEMS.

The most noticeable occurrence among our artists during the past week has been the resignation of Mr. Durand, the President of the National Academy of Design. The cause of the resignation is understood to be partly on account of illness, and partly on account of dissatisfaction at the course of the Council in adopting Mr. Wright's design for the new Academy building, to be erected in Twenty-third street, instead of that furnished by Mr. Eldridge. Mr. Durand was the third President of the Academy, and succeeded the late Henry Inman, who was elected on the resignation of Mr. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. Mr.

Morse has become wealthy by means of his great invention, and being still in vigorous health, and taking as great an interest as ever in the cause of art, some of the academicians have signed a paper in favor of electing him their President once more. In case of his not accepting the honor, it is probable that Daniel Huntington will be chosen. Mr. C. C. Ingham, and Mr. T. W. Cummings, who are still active artists, were among the original members of the Academy.

Paris pays liberally for the position the Imperial City occupies in the center of the artistic world. The funds appropriated by Government in the estimates for the year 1861 in aid of art, literature, and science, amount to 6,500,000 francs. The sum of 51,000,000 of francs has been expended on the paintings, sculpture, and architecture of the new part of the Louvre. Do we wonder at the preeminence of France in art when it is seen how much the nation pays for it? It is as true of art, as of everything else, that you cannot have something for nothing.

Dublin is going to treat itself to a statue of an Irishman, who has conferred honor enough upon his native country to be entitled to a monument in every city in the Emerald Isle. A subscription has been opened for a statue of the author of the *Deserted Village*, to be erected by Mr. Foley, a native artist. The model has been completed, and represents the poet standing with a book open in his hand.

Mr. Rondell, who has gradually won his way to public appreciation since he came to New-York from Boston, returns to that city for the Summer months, and his studio on the corner of Broadway and Bond street will be occupied during his absence by Mr. de Trobriand. Mr. Rondell has just finished two very charming landscapes, one for Col. Hoe, and another for Mr. Van Cleef.

The Athenaeum exhibition of works of art is now open in Boston, the chief attraction of it being the "Dowry Collection," the exact character of which we are unable to learn from the criticisms of the Boston press. Among the principal exhibitors at the Athenaeum are Rotch, Wright, Griggs, Young, Pope, Gay, Champney, and Mrs. Danah. Among the New-York artists are Bierstadt and Beard.

It has been determined to keep the Exhibition of the Academy open a month longer than was at first intended; the attendance thus far has not been as large as usual. One of the academicians asked Mr. Crocker, the check taker, the other day, if many pictures had been sold, to which he replied, she would be satisfied if she could sell some tickets.

Pictures by certain French artists sell at prices which sound altogether fabulous on this side the Atlantic. A canvas by Meissonier, only a foot square, and containing but two figures, sold recently in Paris for \$5,000; and a painting of sheep by Rosa Bonheur, 24 inches by 17, brought \$3,055.

SCIENCE, INDUSTRY, AND INVENTION.

METHOD OF PRODUCING RED, GREEN, VIOLET, AND BLUE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Népce de Saint-Victor gives the following directions for this purpose:

To make red pictures, the paper is prepared with a solution of 20 parts of nitrate of uranium in 100 parts of water. The paper is kept in this solution from 15 to 20 minutes, and then dried in the dark by heat. It may be prepared several days before using. To copy pictures, they must be exposed from 8 to 10 minutes in the direct sunlight, and from 1 to 2 hours in cloudy weather, according to the strength of the light and the intensity of the negative.

The picture is taken from the copying-frame, washed a few seconds with water at 50° or 60°, then dipped in a solution of red prussiate of potash (2° cent). After a few minutes, the picture takes on a beautiful red color; it is then rinsed till the wash-water remains perfectly colorless, and dried.

For the green color, a red picture obtained in the manner already specified is held for about one minute in a solution of nitrate of cobalt, and dried by heat without washing, whereupon the green color appears and is fixed by immersing the paper for a few seconds in a solution composed of four parts of sulphate of iron and four parts of sulphuric acid with one hundred parts of water—then rinsing with clear water and drying by heat.

Violet pictures: The paper prepared with nitrate of uranium, is suitably exposed in the copying frame, then washed in warm water and brought into a solution of chlorid of gold (1° cent). When the picture has assumed a beautiful violet color it is washed in several waters and dried.

To make blue pictures, the paper is prepared with a solution of red prussiate of potash (20° cent), dried in the dark, and put into the copying frame. This paper can also be prepared several days before using. When the portion exposed to the light has become of a faint blue color, it is taken from the frame and placed during five or ten seconds in a saturated solution of corrosive sublimate. The picture is then washed with water, and a solution of oxalic acid, saturated in the cold but warmed upon application to 180° F., is poured over it. The picture is again washed with water three or four times, and then dried.

COAL-ASH CEMENT.—According to Dr. Julius Lehman of Saxony, the ash of brown coal mixed with sand and lime forms a composition which is well adapted for the floorings of stables, coach-houses, entrance-halls, and may also be used for the roofs of arched buildings. The mixture is composed of burnt lime and clean sand, two and one-half parts of each by bulk, and eight parts of rather coarsely sifted ash. The lime is to be slacked dry—the sand and ash are mixed together, and water is added, till the whole forms a tolerably stiff paste. It is then laid on (for floors, from five to six inches thick) and smoothed with the trowel. For roofs, a layer of three inches is sufficient. Floors of stables and carriage-houses, after having dried for two or three days, are improved by a coating of tar, which prevents the absorption of water. Oil-paint is an excellent substitute for tar. It adheres equally well, and the floor thus painted can be kept clean by washing with soap and water. Doubtless the ashes of anthracite and bituminous coal will be found to serve these purposes as well as those of the brown coal used in Saxony.

INVESTIGATIONS UPON TOBACCO.—Schlossing has instituted experiments upon the capacity of various kinds of smoking tobacco to retain fire, and continue burning without a current of air. It is well known that the ashes of plants contain sulphuric, hydrochloric, phosphoric and carbonic acids, as salts of potash, soda and lime, besides silica, both free and combined, &c. After the caustic lime has been converted into carbonate, water dissolves from the ashes, besides alkaline sulphates and chlorides, very frequently silicates and carbonates of potash and soda. In such cases sulphuric and hydrochloric acids are not sufficient to unite with the alkali. The ash of a tobacco which retains fire always contains carbonate of potash. Soda does not occur in tobacco, and in general tobacco retains fire the longer the more strongly alkaline its ash is. The ashes of a tobacco which refuses to burn, except by continued puffing, yield to water no carbonate of potash; the potash they contain exists in combination with sulphuric and hydrochloric acids. Such qualities of tobacco hold fire after a potash salt of some organic acid (malic, citric, oxalic, tartaric), is incorporated with them in such quantity that in the ashes potash is found in excess above what is needed to unite with sulphuric or hydrochloric acids.

On the contrary, good-smoking tobacco loses its power of continued smoldering, if salts of lime, magnesia, or ammonia, are added to such an extent as to occasion an excess of mineral acids over the potash originally present.

It might be supposed that the presence of the nitrated aided tobacco in holding fire. There is no doubt that they do contribute to this result, but their action is secondary, and depends upon the formation of carbonates. The author has in fact previously shown that the best smoking tobaccos contain the smallest quantity

of nitrates, and vice versa. The author incorporates organic salts with tobacco in the following way: He dips the tobacco leaves for a moment in a solution of the salt, drains them, and leaves them by themselves in a close vessel for twenty-four hours. When they are dried in the free air no change is perceptible in their appearance.

PREPARATION OF POTASH FROM FELDSPAR.—Häck has proposed the following method of preparing potash from feldspar: The feldspar is pulverized in the same manner as for the manufacture of porcelain—by heating it to redness and then throwing it suddenly into cold water, thereby rendering it so full of cracks as to be easily broken or stamped to pieces. The broken or cracked fragments are next crushed in the stamping mill, and then ground between stones. The powder thus obtained appears to the feel like gypsum. It is elutriated and then mixed with a certain proportion of lime—fifteen equivalents of lime to one of feldspar. This large quantity of lime is necessary, because the alumina as well as the silica acts the part of an acid. The author has found the most advantageous proportion to be 100 parts of feldspar, with from 140 to 180 parts of lime. The success of the whole operation depends principally upon the intimacy of the mixture of the feldspar with the lime, for the more thoroughly they are mixed the better the decomposition goes on.

This mixture, formed into rolls or conical masses, is subjected to intense heat. The roasting is best conducted in a porcelain-oven, as the heating is uniform, and the mass is raised to the temperature required—that between a red and white heat. After six or eight hours, the mass is cooled, and then, in contact with water, is capable of yielding potash. The rolls, after being taken from the oven, are again ground up and the powder elutriated.

The leaching of the bauxed mass may be best carried on, on a large scale, by help of two steam-kettles connected together, so that the operation may go on without interruption. The material is in constant motion in the kettle, so that there is no danger of its sinking to the bottom and causing an explosion. When the leaching is finished, the ley is run out, and further treated like potash-solutions obtained in the usual way. The residue is hydraulic cement.

When there is a deficiency of clean feldspar, the foregoing operations can be carried on with granite rich in feldspar, but granite containing much quartz must not be used, as the large quantity of silica would hinder the operation.

TO COLOR COPPER AND BRASS.—R. Böttger makes the following communication upon this subject: A bright, polished, and perfectly clean piece of brass plate is dipped for a few moments in a weak solution of acetate of copper (crystallized verdigris) at a medium temperature, in which no trace of free acid should exist, when it becomes of an exceedingly fine gold-yellow color. If a piece of brass, bright and clean, like the one previously described, be moistened several times with a very weak solution of chlorid of copper, it becomes dulled and bronzed of a greenish-gray color.

To give brass a violet color, the clean polished plate is heated as strong as it can well be without being too hot to hold, and then is moistened as quickly and uniformly as possible, with a bunch of cotton which has been dipped in liquor *stibi chlorati* (common official chlorid of antimony) and lightly squeezed out.

In order to bronze copper of a fine bluish green color, it is sufficient to go over the clean polished surface lightly with a solution, which is obtained by digesting cinabar in a hot solution of sulphid of sodium to which some caustic potash has been added.

THIS A SOROROUS METAL.—Levol has observed that a block of pure tin, weighing fifty kilograms, placed upon wooden supports, under the blows of a mallet of hard wood, emits a clear sound. From this fact, says Levol, it has been incorrectly assumed that the soft, slightly elastic metal was not sororous. In Paris, little bells (children's toys) are sold which are made of tin, and are cast in one piece—the tin, however, is always alloyed with a portion of lead. Lemery, so long ago as 1793, accidentally discovered that lead in certain forms, as the segment of a sphere, or like a mushroom, is almost as sororous as bell metal. Raimur remarks upon this that in order to have the experiment succeed, the lead must be cast, and not wrought into the form previously described.

TO DELAY THE HARDENING OF GIPSUM.—Caenail applied a saturated solution of borax, which was diluted with more or less water, according to the extent it is desired to delay the hardening. When one volume of solution of borax is mixed with twelve volumes of water, the hardening is delayed about fifteen minutes. One volume of borax solution with eight volumes of water delays it fifty minutes; one volume of solution with four of water causes a delay of three to five hours, and one volume of solution with two of water delays the hardening from seven to ten hours, while one volume of solution and one of water delays the hardening from ten to twelve hours. These periods are, of course, somewhat different, according to the quality of material employed.

FROM BOSTON.

THE BOSTONIAN IN NEW-YORK.

Correspondence of THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

BOSTON, April 15, 1861.

We Bostonians are not very light upon our wings, but we occasionally do try a flight abroad, when the traditional East Wind promises us its effectual support, sweeps us off indeed, being sent apparently with the intent to scourge everything human from the face of Creation, and reanimate the primal Chaos. Upon such occasions as these did the destroying angel come to the benighted Egyptians, and indeed in these days they carry terror and desolation into many a household, making no particular selection, however, of eldest children, and not regarding any such announcement upon the door-post as: "No crump wanted here—no diphtheria need apply"—kept off only by those mysterious seals in which their subjects rejoice with trembling. Well, we let the East Wind have its way with us, and it delivers us tickled and addressed at a certain depot in Albany street: "To my well-beloved New-York, then, and I shall do my best to be there before them." And indeed, the East Wind was as good as his word. Of course he swept along with us a good deal of the loose rubbish which forms in general the traveling community—stout mothers with babies knotted up in worsted, forlorn maidens of all ages, the autumnal period prevailing—spitting and hoarsely talking men, and possibly one of the dead leaves of an extinct party, which, if it should stop at the Everett House, what is that to thee? Then there are all the customary nuisances—the gum-dropper boy—the pop-corn man—the broker who sells books and periodicals, and of whom we buy a monstrous sheet, with portraits of the President and Cabinet list, to fight the Southern Confederacy (as we hope they will, and God bless them!), varied at Springfield and New-Haven by the vendors of tough sponge-cake, and unhealthily looking sandwiches. The depots are all delightfully dark—at least those at which the train makes some stay; so that however intent you may be upon improving your mind, you cannot dip into the instructive volume you have brought from Boston for that purpose, and must sit still, and revolve a little further the limited capital you already possess. The day is long, but it is all just alike, and as it presents no salient points of misery, you dream your way through it, only with increasing tightness of the head, as well as dryness of the throat. It is a glorious moment when you dismiss steam and take to the *Rarefaction*—but you are too far gone to realize its glory, and when you all swarm feebly out at Thirty-second street, in pursuit of horse-cars, carriages, and omnibuses, you say of yourself, "This was a man, nine hours ago, which now is but a middle," and so pay five cents more, and with brief intermission, reach the point of your destination, a little behind your trunk, and it must be confessed, woefully behind your reputation, till dinner and a cup of tea restore you.

The remonstrances of the first days in a place almost

grown strange by long absence are too familiar to everybody to need description. The oft-renewed amazement at the growth and change—the hunting up of old friends, and how some come right up to the old landmarks of good-will and kind offices, and some indolently hang back, conceiving themselves a grudge against you for their own neglect. This is life, and all of us see something of it before we get done. Let all this pass, and let all those nameless conversations which begin: "You Bostonians," which seem to be equivalent to "ye fools and blind," and which end with your patience. Let us suppose Sunday come, and a strong burst of enthusiasm ushering you into the royal presence of Beecher (they used to say, *King Mirabeau*) on one of his brightest mornings and with his great head above all the clouds which do so easily beset a being based on body. It is not to be sure, so easy to get into that presence. The usher of the black rod stands waiting at the church door, and asks you if you have a seat—you confess that you have only a hope of one—he thereupon waves you back with resolved brow, and hope deferred does its work upon your heart, or possibly, your temper. But when the pewholders have entered into their seats and cushions, there remaineth also a rest for you. You smile upon that dark minister of restriction, useful if unwelcome, and are at peace and in charity before the great preacher slips out of his little door and into his great chair, with the lesson for the day in his hand. The congregation itself deserves a word. It is not made up of women and children, as if the feeble alone were in danger of damnation. Perhaps that predominance of the upper strings in most religious assemblies gives rise to that high pitched and squeaking tone of preaching which is so prevalent among the more formal sects. Mr. Beecher's congregation furnishes a good manly base, and his sweeping harmony includes all the chords of the human instrument, from the deepest and broadest, to the finest. It is a mistake, you see, to suppose that it is the preacher alone who performs in the Sunday's services. He is but the leader, or *chef d'orchestre*. We only hear him, but Heaven hears the symphony of the devout hearts that follow him. His business is not only to utter himself, and let men take that for good or for bad. He knows all his sinners, what they can do, and what they must be made to do. He must touch up his lazy ones, and keep back those who always hurry, not knowing that, as Mohammed said, "Haste is of the devil." The fiddling of those trilling violins is good here, but we must hasten to quench it with the melodious tones of the flute and oboe, poetic, spirit-breathing. Now, rouse up those selfs, grumbling basses, and let those fiery trumpet-voices loose their fury. In the *fortissimo* we want even the kettle-drums of obstinacy, pounding ever the same note, persisting in the same dull discord. Believe me, this many-toned, many-stringed melody is the preacher's true work, not an ingenious solo performance upon one string of sympathy, the rest being studiously cut away. And this is Beecher's work, grand and glorious in itself, but a thousand times more grand, more glorious in its result.

Well, we left him sitting in his pulpit chair, with that singular expression of humor which is the predominant one, when his face is in repose. He gives out the hymn, and the congregation thunder nobly the sacred words to a tune of Mozart. He reads the Scripture carefully, and prays, not with extreme devoutness, but with acceptance. But as he approaches the sermon one feels the concentration of the public mind upon that, the blossom of the week, which is to bear the fruit of good deeds, and the seed of better intentions. Now, we will not attempt to describe his sermon. What he says, as far as words go, is taken down in shorthand and printed by those whose legitimate work we should be sorry to interfere. As to how he says it, that is not so easily given. We have already tried our hand at a tolerable portrait, but he seems a new man every time we see him. Stereotyped phrases cannot contain him. He breaks out into extraordinary freshness—he laughs, print and paper to scorn. Now he presents our sins in a comic light—he laughs to see what fools we are. Now he gathers them together in wrath, and hurls them at us—we submit and are sorry. Most and best, he shows us the good that is in us, and for us, and we take heart, and thank God. When all is said, we feel ourselves elevated to a dozen times our usual power. We have taken the measure of a larger heart than our own. The 2,500 present into the fine hymn of A. C. Cox:

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a strange and awful time,
And with a benediction which promises to pass not only the East River, but many of the troubled waves of life, we seek the ferry-boat, we remember it a horse-boat, and are in Brooklyn no more.

Should this great genius come to see you, confess now, you would be at once startled and delighted. On the one hand, so great an honor would almost make you fancy you were somebody—on the other, you are deeply conscious that you are not; while you seek hastily, in your little thread-bare ragbag of a mind, some trifle that you may venture to offer him. Be not afraid. As soon should the King borrow sixpence of you, as this man request you to display your little trumpery for his amusement. He waits abroad to be below, not to receive, and scatters the glittering largesse of his thought in generous handfuls. Do not attempt either to answer him. While you gather up your wits to meet him here, he is there, now here, and now there again. You can keep him in sight, but you always come up five minutes behind him, and he laughs at your little paces strive to measure themselves with his giant strides. To make a practicable breach in his defenses would be difficult, but why would one wish to do it? He is the friend of all but the wicked, and even to them he is a man and a brother.

Sunday is rather a quiet day in visible New-York. There may be license and disorder somewhere, but it is not apparent in the streets, which are not swept and garnished; indeed, they never are, but are at least carried for commodious church going. The week-day omnibus being suppressed, private carriages are more rampant than ever, and the horses' hoofs clatter up and down like one perpetual, enormous set of castanets. In the evening you may, nay, you should, hear the Rev. Bellows preach, in a fine church, with a sumptuous organ. They have such fine church organs here, and the organists are not limited at all in the selection of their voluntaries, which, methought, savored of La Traviata and the *Tannhauser* in a way to remind one that there is a world without, as well as a Heaven above us. But though two church goings may not be too much to enjoy on one Sunday, one is enough to describe. So, farewell till Monday, excellent TRIBUNE, and make the best of the Southern news.

MISS MARTINEAU ON OUR TARIFF.

To the Editor of THE National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: The news you send us is so much more interesting than any we can send you that I feel almost ashamed to write. Yet it must be more or less important to you to learn how your public affairs look at a distance, and also how the prospects of liberty are opening in various directions. So I will write as if you really had leisure to attend to the voices of your friends over the sea.

Since I wrote last, the general feeling in this country, and, I believe, in most others, has gone round—if not in favor of the South, at least far away from the North. In the absence of accurate knowledge of the views of the Abolitionists, and of the state of parties, English people have sympathized with "the North," supposing this to be sympathizing with Republican opinion and anti-Slavery sentiment and conviction. The tariff business has been a rude awakening from this kind of dream, and it may be doubted whether the late interest and sympathy can ever be renewed, unless, indeed, by such a practical protest by your countrymen generally as will show that they regard tyranny and injustice with as much disgust as they regard slavery in the South. Nothing short of a national repudiation of this issue protective policy can regain the respect and sympathy of the Old World to the Free States; and at this I think you can feel no surprise. It had been a sore and long trial